

SALE OF LAND
FOR
DELINQUENT TAXES.

OFFICE OF CITY TREASURER
CITY OF BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 5, 1884.
WHEREAS, The taxes for the years A. D. 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883 have become and are now delinquent and unpaid upon the following described real estate, situated in the city of Bismarck and county of Burleigh and territory of Dakota,

THE THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the ordinance in such case made and provided, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the city treasurer's office in the city of Bismarck and county of Burleigh, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the following described real estate, situated in the city of Bismarck, county of Burleigh, territory of Dakota, in order to satisfy the amount of delinquent tax aforesaid for the year 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883 on each piece or parcel of land, together with interest, penalty and costs. The total amount due on each particular description is mentioned herewith.

Gro. E. REED,
City Treasurer.

1879.

Name, Lot, Block, Amt.

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MONEY LOST ON SHIPS.

A Shipwreck the Most Profitable Thing for an Owner.

Ship Merchants' Old Signs—Kerosene the Chief East India Cargo—The Figures of Profit and Loss.

(New York Sun.)

A distinguishing characteristic of South street is the appearance of the signs over the offices of the ship brokers and merchants. New York signs are in themselves a curious study, ranging as they do from an expensive panorama in a Broadway window to a three-for-a-quarter hash placard in a cheap restaurant, each conveying the impress of artistic promise to the persons for whom it is intended. The sign of the ship merchant is neither artistic nor expensive. It is simply old, very old, in some cases, that the paint has been worn off by the wind and storm, leaving only a faint outline of the letters in black or gold on a coffee brown background, which might once have been either white or black, for all a passing inspection will tell. The old signs which once read "Howland & Aspinwall," and "Grimmell, Minton & Co." have been wholly obliterated. Like wine, or like a choice meerschaum pipe, the old signs gain value with increased age. To remove one of them would give pain to scores of gray-haired shipmasters, who first saw them as cabin boys, fresh from some coast or inland village.

In these shipping offices the visitor will usually find in the room marked "private" a genial old gentleman who can name the products of every country on the globe, can tell the cost, the demand for, and the value of each, and the number of ships engaged in the traffic. With this information, the visitor is pretty sure to be told of the profits once made by shipowners, and that never since ships began to sail the sea have profits been so small now.

"Ships must pay some profit to shipowners, or else the shipyards would be idle," suggested a young man to one of the pleasant old brokers.

"Some ships pay, of course, but at best the profit is not large."

"What freight will a good East India ship receive now?"

The chief East India cargo is kerosene oil in ten gallon cases, which weigh eighty-four pounds each. A large cargo will carry say 75,000 cases. The largest cargo on record was carried by the iron ship Lord Wolseley. She took 101,000 cases out. The great majority of ships carry about half as much as that. We sent out a bark with 40,000 cases not long ago. She got 26½ cents, or \$10,600 gross. If she is lucky she will get jute or sugar back at say \$7. She will bring 1,500 tons or \$10,500 gross, and she will earn it in a year.

"A ship like that costs \$50,000, and \$21,000 is a small gross income. Out of this sum of \$21,000 she has sundry expenses which will astonish you, perhaps. For a crew she carries a captain, two mates, a cook, and fourteen men. The captain gets \$30 a month, and 5 per cent. of the gross freight money, or \$1,415 for the year. The first mate will get \$600, the second mate, \$420; the cook, \$480, and the fourteen men will get \$3,360; or a total of \$6,275 for wages. To feed them will cost \$9 a day, or \$3,285 for the year. It pays to feed them well, but it could be done for less, of course. Then out of the freight money comes 1½ cents a case for stowing the oil, and 35 cents a ton for discharging the return cargo—a total of \$1,225. The brokerage on the cargo out is 5 per cent., and back 7 per cent., or \$1,285. Port charges at Shanghai are 3 cents a case, or \$1,200. Pilot fees will amount to \$200. Then we have insurance at 5 per cent., \$2,500; annual deterioration, 5 per cent., \$2,500; tonnage tax at 50 cents a ton, \$300; and interest on investment at 4 per cent., \$2,000." "Is that all?"

"There are a few small incidentals. Oh, I forgot the ship chandler's bill. It was \$2,600. That's all that's worth counting."

The young man had jotted down the sums. They aggregated for the year \$23,550.

"That's just about it," said the broker, with a faint smile. "You cannot make a more favorable showing, because you have estimated the insurance at a low rate, and the return cargo is always a matter of some doubt. Besides, a year is a good round trip. You see, the owner is \$2,500 or \$2,600 out of pocket."

"Why does he build new ships, then?"

"Give it up."

"Do all these ships sail at a loss?"

"That one was only of 1,000 tons register. Take a ship registering 2,200 tons, and she will carry 75,000 cases of oil out, and will bring back 3,000 tons of cargo. Her freight will amount to about \$40,000, while her expenses over those of the bark of 1,000 tons will be about \$15,000, leaving a clear profit of \$4,000 on an investment of \$10,000, proving that she has ordinary good luck. The best luck that could happen to the owners of the bark would be a wreck when she was fully insured."

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

(London Letter.)

London is blessed with many philanthropists. Among them is the archbishop of Canterbury. He has recently been speaking in behalf of the London poor. He deplores the want of green fields and fresh air. He hopes to see London studded round with model villages, each with its ring of meadows. Yet when the archbishop came to his throne a few years ago there was a great agitation in London to get him to throw open to overcrowded Lambeth the nine acres or so of meadow that belongs to Lambeth palace. This ground is surrounded by a high brick wall, and is of really no use to any one, as it does not include the palace grounds proper; besides, the bishop has a great palace and immense grounds within an hour's ride of London. It would have been a great boon to crowded Lambeth, for that part of London has no park near it, but the archbishop refused to give his sanction.

Melted Wax-Works.

(New York Letter.)

There is a difficulty which the managers of the Eden Musee have encountered here in town. The Eden is a museum of wax-works. The temperature has been high to 100 every day for a week. That softens the material of the exhibits, and destroys the likenesses. But that does not necessarily spoil their utility. It only necessitated the alteration of labels. President Arthur's face elongated of itself, like a gob of molasses candy still warm. They did not throw it away, but transferred it to the chamber of horrors, where it serves for the evil and misanthropic visage of a murderer. The dumping of a Patti used to stand in a group of stage personages in the main hall. Her round, rosy face was an excellent portrait until this month's heat gradually narrowed it. Now she is a woman who atrociously slaughtered her four children and committed suicide.

Rev. G. R. Vandewater: Joy and happiness prove themselves perpetual by the way they impress themselves on the mind, tribulation and sorrow are seen to be temporal in the fact that all memory of them fades away when they are past.

CONSERVATORY.

[Earl Marble.]
"But we must return! What will they say! Yes, I know it's awful nice. In the window here, from the others away, With a taste now and then of the ice, And now and then of— Oh, you wretch! It wasn't at all required That you should illustrate thus with a sketch The speech that of course you admired!

"No matter how naughty. There you have, spoilt The classical Grecian knot? In which you like my hair to be coiled, And I really don't know what Other mischief you haven't done! You're Real naughty! You squeeze like a vice! Why can't you men take something on trust, And be more dainty and nice?"

"There! I'm ready now. What! just one more?"

"Oh, aren't you a darling tease! And love me so!—one, two, three, four!"

"There! come now, dearest, please. I'm almost afraid of the parlor glare.

When they look at my lips they'll see The kisses upon them." "No, not there; But, sweet, in your eyes, maybe!"

A STROKE OF LIGHTNING.

[It Visited Bill Nye While Listening to a Concert.]
(Denver Opinion.)

Last week we went up to the Coliseum at Minneapolis to hear Theodore Thomas' orchestra, the Wagner trio and Christine Nilsson. The Coliseum is a large rink just out of Minneapolis on the road between that city and St. Paul. It can seat 4,000 people comfortably, but the management like to wedge 4,500 people in there on warm day and then watch the perspiration trickle out through the clapboards on the outside. On the closing afternoon, during the matinee performance, the building was struck by lightning and a hole knocked out of the Corinthian duplex that surrounds the oblique porticos on the off side. The reader will see at once the location of the bolt. The lightning struck the flagstaff, ran down the leg of a man who was repairing the electric light, took a chew of his tobacco, turned his boot wrong side out and induced him to change his sock, toyed with a chilblain, wrenched out a soft corn and roughly put it in his ear, then ran down the electric light wire, a part of it filling an engagement in the Coliseum and the balance following the wire to the depot, where it made double-pointed toothpicks of a pole fifty feet high. All this was done very briefly.

Those who have seen lightning toy with a cottonwood tree know that the fluid makes a specialty of it at once and in a brief manner. The lightning in this case broke the glass in the skylight, and deposited the broken fragments on a half-dozen parquette chairs that were empty because the speculators who owned them couldn't get but \$50 apiece, and were waiting for a man to mortgage his residence and sell a team. He couldn't make the transfer in time for matinee, so the seats were vacant when the lightning struck.

The immediate and previous fluid then shot astern the auditorium in the direction of the platform, where it nearly frightened to death a large chorus of children. Women fainted, ticket speculators fled \$2 on desirable seats, and strong men couched up a clove. The scene begged description. I intended to have said that before, but forgot it. Theodore Thomas drew a full breath, and Christine Nilsson drew her salary. Two thousand strong men thought of their wasted lives, and 2,000 women felt for their back hair to see if it was still there. I say, therefore, without successful contradiction, that the scene begged description.

A WORLD IN PAWN.

[Federal Australian.]

The idea of the whole globe being hypothesized by countless millions of debtors to a calculable number of creditors is a very startling one, when it is abruptly and nakedly presented. And it is difficult to imagine so vast an estate in liquidation, or to conjecture to what bankruptcy court the creditors would prove their debts, or who would be the official assignees to collect and distribute the assets.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the whole world is in pawn, and that its balance sheet shows us an aggregate of liabilities which is absolutely appalling. They have been summed up in the Forthrightly Review by Mr. A. J. Wilson, an experienced writer on financial subjects, and the total is the stupendous sum of £5,341,000,000 an amount which, if represented in sovereigns, it would take a man 172 years to count, at the rate of a sovereign a minute, without a moment's cessation from beginning to end.

To defray the interest on this enormous debt requires £200,000,000 per annum, which Mr. Wilson represents to be fully equal to the entire earnings of 8,000,000 of people; and "did each individual in these 8,000,000 support a family of three persons only beside himself, the interest upon these debts would imply the absorption of the entire support of a population equal to that of the United Kingdom."

Of course, a calculation of this kind takes no account of the debts owing by municipalities, counties, cities, railway, canal, gas, water, insurance and other public companies. But these would assume still vaster proportions, for the capital sunk in railways alone is 4,000,000,000, and this is of course a debt owing to bond and shareholders; while the local debts—state and city—in the United States amount to \$175,000,000. The mother country is the greatest pawnbroker in the world, and draws £200,000,000 per annum from the nations and colonies indebted to her.

Mr. Wilson is of opinion that the time has arrived when a stop should be put to this system of mortgaging the future to meet the expenditure of the present, and when England, more particularly, should begin to extinguish her existing liabilities. But his advice is not likely to attract much attention. Nations are just as improvident as individuals, and not one of them has ever been deterred from rushing into a war of ambition or aggrandizement by considerations of the burdens it was entailing on posterity; and the United States is the only one which has taken prompt measures to extricate itself from a national debt.

Personal Magnetism.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Whenever you see a man with a host of friends his popularity is, nine times out of ten, explained by the statement that he possesses personal magnetism. This phrase may be misunderstood. It does not mean that a man is charged with a superabundance of electricity, which affects all who come in contact with him. Personal magnetism is one of the simplest things in nature. The wide-awake, progressive, manly man, with a big, warm heart in active sympathy with all that concerns his fellowmen, naturally draws around him a circle of admiring friends. It is not in human nature to stand aloof from such a man. Such are the leaders in every circle, and nothing can resist their influence. People who regret their other want of magnetism will not have far to go to find it, if their hearts are all right. The main thing is to show a genuine sympathetic interest in every human being around us. The man who can do this wins and loses. If he cannot do it he repels his friends, and is left standing alone.

The Correct Clerk.

[William Washburn.]

Men used to plain business language often like to add a few flowers to their speech, especially before the softer sex. Yesterday I heard a very sweet retort of a lady to a man, when she said, "I am a widow."

BOSTON COURIER: Pe ple with delicate olfactory perceptions may be interested in knowing that as a rule out of 1,000,000 codfish eggs only 100 survive.

BOSTON COURIER: Sugar is selling at 2 cent a pound in many places in Cuba, and the question arises what do the grocers adulterate the sand with?

ORIGINAL HIGH ART.

A Realist Comes Down to the Adornments of Commonplace Life.

[San Francisco Post.]

"Do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy-looking man with long hair, a sloch hat, and paint on his fingers, edging into The Post's inner sanctum the other day. "Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall, "because I thought if you cared to report the progress of a real aesthetic art culture on this coast, you might send your art critic around to my studio to take some sketches."

"Might, eh?" said the editor.

"Yes, sir. For instance, there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hail Storm in the Adirondack,' and a visitor who sat near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put on the finishing touches with my ulcer and arctic overshoes on."

"Dumb, eh?" said the editor.

"It just beat me. When the governor examined the work he insisted on my painting a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

"Good scheme!" growled the editor.

"Wasn't it, though? But my best bold, however, is water views. You know Mr. George Brumley, and how abstract he is sometimes. Well, he dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight by twelve of the San Joaquin river with a boat in the foreground. The blessed if he didn't absentmindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into the boat—he'd go out rowing, you know."

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the small-pox?" said the editor, winking at the foreman, who had come in just then from the composing-room to swear for copy.

"Small-pox? That reminds me of a realistic subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I had only completed four of the principal figures when, last Tuesday, the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw, and this morning the boy who mixed the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I don't really know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does it strike you?"

"It strikes me you had better slide," said the unesthetic moulder of public opinion.

"Don't care to send a reporter around?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't like to order a life-size 'Gutenburg Discovering the Printing Press, eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven-by-nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leather on the Roumanian imbroglio; "but if you care to touch up two window frames, some desk legs, and the fighting editor's black eye for four bits and a lot of come exchanges, you can sail in."

"It's a whack!" promptly ejaculated the dis ipole of aesthetic culture, and, borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.

Female Telegraph Operators.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"Do women make as good operators as men?" I inquired of a Western Union officer.

"Quite as good," was the reply; "that is, when they attend to business. Some of them are occasionally a little lax, but the men are, too, for that matter."

"How about their pay?"

"Well the pay is not as large as that received by the men. Many of our local offices were at the start attended to by young women who took a commission on their returns as pay. Now, however, we have them all under salary. Out of town we have hundreds. I was going to say, of offices in the care of female operators. They are small offices, at places where a man would not stay. For instance, at a village of a couple of score of houses we could not afford to keep an operator at a city salary. But by paying some young girl who lives there \$25 or \$30 a month, which is more than she could earn in such a place at much harder labor, we are able to keep the line open to furnish facilities which the residents find frequent need of. The same remarks apply to many branch offices here and in other cities where business is light, but there is still a demand for local service. If it was not for our women operators these places would not be supplied with telegraphic service at all."

"Don't these telegraph operators in small towns have a great deal of unoccupied time on their hands?"

"Yes, sometimes they go for hours together without having a message to send or receive. Some of them spend their time in reading, others in sewing, and one young lady actually studied and learned French, while another I know is digging away at German. In country places, where men are employed as operators, they frequently unite with some other occupation. Some of them even keep a store, or act as agent for the express companies. The country operator has a very pleasant time of it, and when anything big happens, like a hanging or a murder, and there is lots of work to be done, men are always sent from the city to help him out."

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[London Letter.]

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THE CONSERVATORY.

[Earl Marble.] "But we must return! What will they say? Yes, I know it's awful now. I'm going to go back here, from the others away, With a taste for, and the taste of the ice. And now and then of—Oh, you wretched! It wasn't at all required. That you should illustrate thus with a sketch The speech that of course you admired

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The kisses upon them?" "No, not there; But, sweet, in your eyes, maybe!"

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To defend the interest on this enormous debt requires £200,000,000 per annum, which Mr. Wilson represents to be fully equal to the entire earnings of 8,000,000 of people; and did each individual in these 8,000,000 support a family of three persons only beside himself, the interest upon these debts would imply the absorption of the entire support of a population equal to that of the United Kingdom."

Of course, a calculation of this kind takes no account of the debts owing by municipalities, counties, cities, railway, canal, gas, water, insurance and other public companies.

But these would assume still vaster proportions, for the capital sunk in railways alone is 4,000,000,000, and this is of course a debt owing to bond and shareholders; while the local debts—state and city—in the United States amount to £175,000,000. The mother country is the greatest pawnbroker in the world, and draws £250,000,000 per annum from the nations and colonies indebted to her.

Mr. Wilson is of opinion that the time has arrived when a stop should be put to this system of mortgaging the future to meet the expenditure of the present, and when England, more particularly, should begin to distinguish her existing liabilities. But his advice is not likely to attract much attention. Nations are just as improvident as individuals, and not one of them has ever been deterred from rushing into a war of ambition or aggrandizement by considerations of the burdens it was entailing on posterity; and the United States is the only one which has taken prompt measures to extricate itself from a national debt.

His Hairpins.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A friend of mine who knows Joaquin Miller gave me a funny description of how he used to go calling with him in Washington. That was before Joaquin cut his hair and then he carried it all carefully fixed up with hairpins. They would reach the house and ring the bell. If the lady were out they would go away. If she were at home they would take off his hat, carefully take out the hairpins, let the hairpins fall over his shoulders and march into the drawing room with the poetic stride of Walker of Nicaragua.

Philadelphia Call. People with delicate olfactory perceptions may be interested in knowing that as a rule out of 1,000,000 codfish eggs only 100 survive.

She Correct Clerk.

[William Washburn.]

Boston Courier: Sugar is selling at 2 cents a pound in many places in Cuba, and the question arises what do the grocers adulterate the sand with?

Indirect Page.

</

DOCTOR MACBRIDE.

[George Augustus Sala in Bow Bells.]

Æneas Macbride was strong in comparative anatomy, and dissected everything that came in his way. His dissecting-room was in the courtyard of the Palazzo Garminati in Rome. But it was up stairs in his library and alcove that "Il Scozzese" carried out his choicer manipulations, and made the more delicate of his "preparations" of human muscles, arteries, veins and nerves, which, when completed, were displayed under glass shades on a large table in the center of the apartment. It was at this table, having just finished the dissection of a very small hand—never mind to what kind of a creature the hand, while it was a living one, had belonged—that he was sitting one evening in July, 1775, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had exhausted his supply of cochineal with which to tinge the melted wax, which he proposed to inject on the morrow morning into the venous system of his "preparation."

Dr. Æneas Macbride proceeded to the well-known druggist's shop kept by Sig. Fançaroto, at the corner of the Via de' Condotti. It was one of the largest and handsomest shops in Rome. He made his purchase, and placed the packet of cochineal in a side pocket.

"Stay!" he suddenly exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. "I had forgotten something. You must make me up, if you please, that admirably efficacious sleeping draught with the secret of the formula of which only you and I are cognizant, and which has given ease to so many of my patients. Will you prepare it for me at once? I must take it with me."

"With pleasure, illustrissimo ed excellentissimo dottore," said the apothecary, as he bustled from jar to jar and bottle to bottle, pouring various ingredients into a glass vial.

"It is a wonderful sleeping draught to be sure. I have tried it on my wife, who, poor soul, endures agonies from the toothache, and it never fails in producing slumber. To be sure, had you not positively told me that the potion was quite harmless I should have been afraid to use it; for the sleep which it brings about is so deep and so long as to be really like the sleep of death."

He had soon completed his task, and Dr. Macbride, placing the vial in his side-pocket, with the cochineal, left the farmacia. He crossed the Piazza de' Spagna, in the direction of the college of the Propaganda; when, just as he reached the spot where now is the monument, his path was crossed by a tall man, who was wrapped in a long black cloak, and wore his broad flapped hat slouched over his eyes.

"It's all very well for you to slouch your hat over your eyes, my friend," said Dr. Macbride to himself; "but I know that hat and cloak very well, or I am grievously mistaken. They belong to the harmless man who lodges in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carminali. I once nursed you through a fever, my friend, and gave you money to get your cloak out of pawn. I don't think that you would do me any harm, although folks say that you are a spadaccino—a hired assassin!"

Scarcely had he thus mentally expressed himself when he heard, in a low voice behind him, the single word, "Eccolo!" "Here he is!" And immediately he was seized from behind by strong arms, a heavy cloak was thrown over his head, and he was lifted from the ground and carried some yards. Then he was thrust forward on to what seemed to be some kind of bench or seat; the arms which had seized him had relaxed their grasp, a door was slammed and he became aware that he was in a rapidly moving wheeled vehicle.

Dr. Æneas Macbride had in verity been kidnapped by two men, forcibly carried by them to a coach, one of the doors of which was standing wide, huddled into the vehicle and rapidly driven away. The whole proceeding, indeed, had been watched with interest by an individual who was clad in a long, brown cloak, and who—there is now no indirection in saying it—was the nameless man who lived in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carminali and whose profession was conjectured to be that of an assassin for hire. As he watched the carriage rapidly retreating into the shadows, the nameless man was jingling some golden coins in his pocket and chuckling merrily.

"Ten ducats," he reflected—"ten ducats only for pointing out the Signor Dottore to them. And they have sworn not to do him any harm. Of course if they had wanted to harm him they would have come to me; but I would not have stabbed the Signor Dottore; no, not for 100 ducats. Let us go and drink a bottle of Chianti."

While the nameless man was thus congratulating himself on the successful result of his exceptionally bloodless night's work, unseen hands had relieved Dr. Æneas Macbride of the heavy cloak in which he had been muffled, and in which he had been stifled but suffocated. He set up to find himself indeed in the interior of what was evidently a carriage belonging to some person of rank. The blinds were closely drawn down, but a small lamp hanging from the roof gave sufficient light for him to see that the opposite seat was occupied by two gentlemen very richly dressed, but whose countenances were wholly concealed by masks of black silk, having deep fringes of the same material. One of the gentlemen hastened to inform him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged, as the person into whose presence they were about to conduct him was a lady of rank whose name and place of abode it was imperatively necessary to conceal. As he pulled the bandage out of his pocket and proceeded very adroitly to adjust it to the doctor's eyes his companion took occasion to remark that he and the other gentleman were fully armed, and should the doctor at this or any other stage of the proceedings, offer the slightest resistance to any request which was proffered to him, he would be immediately stabbed to death. Upon this admonition Dr. Æneas Macbride determined, like the canny Scot, to hold his tongue and see—when he was permitted to use his eyes again—what came of it.

It seemed to him that the carriage was continually turning and was being driven through a great variety of streets, possibly with the view to prevent his forming any accurate idea as to the part of the city to which he was being conducted. The coach at length stopped and the door was opened for him. His two companions took him each under one arm, assisted him to alight and conducted him up a narrow staircase into a room, where, after a moment's pause, the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in a small drawing-room or boudoir, dimly lighted by wax tapers and richly furnished, although sheets and pieces of tapestry had been thrown over some of the chairs or placed in front of the picture-frames, as though for the purpose of preventing a stranger from too closely identifying the contents of the room. There was a flask of wine on the table and one of the gentlemen filled a large bumper of Venetian glass and offered it to Dr. Macbride.

"I want no wine," he said coolly; "it may be poison for aught I know."

The gentleman who had offered him the wine and who was very tall and clad in a suit of dark blue paduaso, richly faced with gold, for a reply put the goblet to his lips and tossed off the contents at a draught. Then his companion, who was shorter and stouter

—neither had removed his mask—and who wore a green doublet and coat faced with silver, filled another glass with wine and offered it to the doctor, saying, "You had better drink it. Remember what I told you in the carriage. We allow no trifling in this house; and, besides, you have need to nerve yourself for what you have to do!"

"I don't like Dutch courage," replied Dr. Macbride, "and am not used to drink-drinking to nerve me for my work. However, as I have not the slightest wish to have my throat cut, and you appear to be prepared to cut it!"—both gentlemen rodded their heads significantly—at a moment's notice, if things do not go as you wish them to go, I will drink. And now, he resumed, after a very moderate pause, "what is it that you desire me to do?"

"To perform a surgical operation."

"When?"

"This instant."

"Where?"

"You shall see."

As the taller of the two masked men made this reply, he took the doctor by the arm and led him forward. The shorter gentleman lifted a heavy velvet curtain, veiling an open portico, and the three passed into a vast bed-chamber. Here everything in the way of furniture, and even the ceiling and the curtains and counterpane of a huge four-post bed in the center of the room, had been shrouded in white sheeting. At the foot of the bed there sat, or rather there was half-reclining in a large chair covered with crimson velvet, a young lady—she could be scarcely more than 19—exceeding beautiful and with golden hair that rippled over her shoulders. Her hands were tightly clasped and she was deathly pale. She was clad in a long, loosely-flowing undress robe of some white, silky material, and Dr. Macbride could see that her little feet were bare.

"You see this woman—this most guilty and unhappy woman?" said in a harsh voice the taller of the two gentlemen. "She has disgraced the noble family to which she belongs, and it is necessary that she should be deprived of life. Here is a case of lancets and you will instantly proceed to bleed her to death."

"She is prepared to submit to her fate," added the shorter gentleman in green and silver, "and you will make the greater possible expedition. I need scarcely say that you will be amply recompensed for your pains."

"I will do no such horrible and unmanly thing," cried Dr. Æneas Macbride. "Do you think that I, a physician, whose bounden duty it is to do everything that is possibly can to save human life—be it that of the new-born infant or of the dotard of 90—would consent to put to a cruel death a poor lady who should be enjoying all the happiness that earth can give? Do your butchery work yourself; I'll have no hand in it."

"It is precisely," replied the latter gentleman, "because we are desirous that this indispensable work should not be done in butchery manner that we have brought you here. You are known to be the skillfulest surgeon in Rome, and you will perform the operation at once by opening the veins in her ankles. I don't think that I and my bro"—he checked himself before he could wholly pronounce the word "brother"—"my companion will fall on you with our poniards and back you to death."

"Do their bidding," said in a low, faint voice, the young lady in the armchair.

"Do I hear right?" said the doctor.

"You do," assumed the lady. "Do their bidding, or you will incur a fate as dreadful as my own."

Doctor Æneas Macbride appeared to hesitate for a moment, then he said, "I will do your will; and may heaven forgive me for yielding to you! But I must have a ves sel, a large vessel of warm water."

"That shall at once be procured," replied the teller of the masked men, leaving the room. You will remember that Dr. Æneas Macbride was also tall of stature. He bent over the reclining lady and whispered something to her.

"I have told her," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I will not hurt her much."

Presently two female attendants, each fully masked, entered the room, carrying between them a large silver tub full of warm water. This vessel they placed before the young lady, who, without a word, immerses her feet in the water. Then Dr. Macbride, once more bending over the victim, smoothing the hair on her forehead, and feeling her pulse, knelt, lance in hand, by the side of the silver foot-bath. He arose, looked in the victim's face, chose a fresh lancet, and knelt again by the side of the foot-bath. The water was now deeply discolored. Ere long it was completely crimson.

"Bring another bath—a tub—a bucket—what you will," said the doctor; "and more warm water!" Then he continued hastily, holding his wrists around the ankles of the patient while the first foot-bath was taken away and another substituted for it. "This will finish the work."

"How she bleeds!" said the tall man, who, with folded arms, was watching the scene. The young lady had fallen back in her chair, her arms hanging loosely.

"She is insensible!" said the shorter of the masked men.

"She is dead!" said Dr. Æneas Macbride, solemnly.

"How she bled!" repeated the shorter of the two masked men.

"She will bleed no more," said Dr. Macbride. "And now let me ask you what you intend to do with the evidence of your and I may almost say my guilt? How do you intend to dispose of the corpse?"

"Put it into a sack full of stones and sink it in the Tiber," muttered the taller gentleman.

"At the risk of the sack rotting, the weights becoming disengaged from the body and of the corpse floating or being washed on shore and the features recognized."

"Bury it in the garden," suggested the shorter man.

"It is still dangerous," resumed the doctor. "The bodies of buried people that have been murdered have been disinterred over and over again. One was, you know, last year in a vineyard close to the Appian Way, and the assassin was brought to justice."

"When you planned your little scheme, gentlemen," the doctor went on almost banting, "you should have planned the last act of your tragedy as well as the preceding ones. Let me tell you that a murdered dead body is, in a civilized city, one of the most difficult of imaginable things to get rid of. But since I have gone with you so far in this abominable business, I will go yet further and help you to conceal this corpse. Bring it back with me to my surgery in the Piazza de' Spagna—I am accustomed to have such burdens brought to me at dead of night—and I'll dissect her. By which I mean that in less than twelve hours no recognizable trace will remain of your deceased relative—if relative she is."

The victim was evidently stone dead. After a long consultation the masked men acceded to the proposition of the doctor, who appeared to have become so completely their accomplice, and who accepted, with many protestations of thanks, a large purse of gold sequins. Again he submitted to have his eyes bandaged, and again he was conducted to the coach in waiting below; but something else accompanied the party, and was placed on the seat beside the doctor. That some

thing else was the body, rolled up in many thicknesses of white linen, of the lady who had been bled to death! The carriage made a route as circuitous as before to the Piazza de' Spagna, but it was then, at Dr. Macbride's request, driven round to the entrance of the narrow lane behind the Palazzo Carminali. Then the burden, wrapped in white linen, was carried by the doctor and the taller of the masked men by the back door into the dissecting-room, and laid like a stone on the table. The doctor noticed that his fellow-bearer was trembling violently, and he had evidently had enough of horrors for that night.

Three months afterward Dr. Æneas Macbride returned to Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, a young and extremely handsome Italian lady of a noble Roman family. Pope Benedict XIV, the enlightened and humane Lambertini, had had much to do with bringing about the union of the handsome young lady with "Il Dottore Æneas Macbride Sosio." He had informed the young lady's brothers, Don Rafaello and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, counts of that ilk, that they did not consent to the match and pay over a large fine to the Apostolic chamber; they would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law for having basely attempted to murder their sister by causing her, as they thought, to have the veins of her ankles opened. Dr. Macbride, while pretending to execute the dreadful behests of Don Rafaello and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, had first administered her a potion which speedily reduced her to complete insensibility, and had next skillfully mingled with the warm water in which the feet of the patient were immersed the contents of the packet of cochineal which he had purchased at the farmacia Panciarotto. The poor girl's only offense had been that she had imprudently, and in mere girlish folly, encouraged for a short time the addresses of a young man much her inferior in rank; but by her haughty and vindictive brothers this transient flirtation was deemed a crime which her death alone could expiate. How fortunate it was that Dr. Æneas Macbride was so much addicted to making anatomical "preparations" for their perfection. I fancy, however, that after his marriage he ceased to dissect small dead hands, and consoled himself with covering small live ones with kisses.

BETWEEN THE WHEELS.

How I had longed for that moment no pen could tell. I was short of one stock that was sailing up like a balloon, and I was long of another that was dropping like lead. The genius that turned the wheel of fortune seemed to be doing double duty, and I was caught between the wheels, with my feet bound to one and my hands to the other. Every time the little wheel of paper went around I got an extra wrench. To add to the pleasures of existence, the put-and-call sellers would bring in the most delicate tidbits of gossip, indicating that Jay Gould was going to my short stock up higher than it had ever been before, and that my long stock was going to the bow-wow; where it would only have a speculative value. This meant that the stock I thought was selling too high at 90, Jay Gould thought cheap at 105; and the coal shares, that seemed to me to be the best, were to 105, were doomed to 10 or thereabouts, to lead a sickly toadstool existence.

THE BET STILL UNDECIDED.

[Chicago Sun.]

Two well-meaning men, one from St. Louis and the other from St. Paul, had an argument in the Sherman house on the pronunciation of the word depot.

"I say it is 'de-po,'" said the St. Paul man. "And I say it's 'de-poy,'" answered the St. Louisian.

In the course of time they put up \$5 apiece and agreed to leave it to a tall, fine-looking man on the other side of the roulette.

Going up to him, the St. Paul disputant said: "My friend and I have a small bet on the pronunciation of the word 'de-po.' I say it is 'de-po';" said the St. Paul man. "I say it is 'de-poy,'" he said.

"Pardon me," replied the stranger, "but I never heard the word before. How do you spell it, and what does it mean?"

The betting men looked at each other dubiously, and one said—"D-e-p-o, a railway station."

"Oh, yes, yes; excuse me. You mean 'de-po,' of course. Yes, yes; deppo. It is pronounced 'deppo'."

"Look here," yelled the St. Paul man, "where do you come from?"

"Boston, sir."

"Well, there can't no Boston man settle a bet for me on the English language. Come on; let's interview Carter Harrison."

ROCHEFORT'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

[Tinsley's Magazine.]

Personally he was amiable, generous to prodigality to his companions, and absent-minded. He was one of those whose brains are winging in the clouds, while their bodies may be gathering slush in the gutters. They say that he was so forgetful that he went to Brebant's one evening in response to an invitation to dinner. On arriving, the name of his host had quite escaped him. He explained his dilemma to the landlord.

"There is but one way out of it," said the good-natured Brebant, "we must pass in review all the diners in the house; but as our visit might appear instructive, put a napkin over your arm and come with me as my host will have to do."

The notion suited Rochefort down to the ground, and they made an inspection of all the cabinets and all the tables in the dining-room, but in vain. Rochefort did not find his friend at all, his name was not even mentioned.

"Bring another bath—a tub—a bucket—what you will," said the doctor; "and more warm water!" Then he continued hastily, holding his wrists around the ankles of the patient while the first foot-bath was taken away and another substituted for it. "This will finish the work."

"Young Authoress—My dear, I want a heroine for my new novel. She must be very talented and somewhat unconventional, in fact very original. Can't you give me an idea?"

Her Husband—"Certainly, love. You want her to possess a combination of traits never before dreamed of, I suppose?"

"That's it, that's it. But it must be a combination calculated to make a man love her to destruction."

"See, Well, in the first place she should be literary."

"Of course."

"The author of a book?"

"Just the thing; but how shall I make her entirely different from other literary ladies?"

"Have her look over her husband's wardrobe and sew on the buttons before starting any new novels."

THE GROWL LARGE IN BOSTON.

[Boston Globe.]

The office boy of a Milk street lawyer came in Saturday night and said he had just seen a fight in the back office between a rat and a cockroach.

"Which licked?"

"Oh, the cockroach beat him all hollow, and drove him into his hole."

"Did he follow him up?"

"That is true."

"When you planned your little scheme, gentlemen," the doctor went on almost banting, "you should have planned the last act of your tragedy as well as the preceding ones. Let me tell you that a murdered dead body is, in a civilized city, one of the most difficult of imaginable things to get rid of. But since I have gone with you so far in this abominable business, I will go yet further and help you to conceal this corpse. Bring it back with me to my surgery in the Piazza de' Spagna—I am accustomed to have such burdens brought to me at dead of night—and I'll dissect her. By which I mean that in less than twelve hours no recognizable trace will remain of your deceased relative—if relative she is."

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The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.
Published every morning, except Monday, at Bismarck, Dakota, is delivered by carrier to all parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week, or \$1 per month.

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For President—
JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE.
For Vice-President—
JOHN A. LOGAN, OF ILLINOIS.

REPUBLICAN LEGISLATIVE CONVENTION.

A republican convention of the ninth legislative district, comprising the counties of Barnes, Stutsman, Griggs, Foster, W. C. Kidder, Burleigh, McLean, Sheridan, Stevens, Renville, Mountrail, Wallette, Howard, Williams, Mercer, Morton, Stark, Billings, Emmons, Logan, Benson, DeSmet, Rolette, Bottineau and McHenry, will be held at Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, on Wednesday, the 13th of October, 1884, at 2 o'clock p.m., to nominate two members of the council and four members of the assembly to represent this district in the next legislature.

The republican central committee has made the following apportionment: Barnes 8, Burleigh 7, Billings 2, Stutsman 7, McLean 2, Emmons 2, (Griggs 1, Mercer 2, Logan 2, Foster 2, Morton 5, Benson 2, Kidder 3, Stark 2, Rolette 2). In addition, the committee, on motion, declared that any unorganized county in the district which shall hereafter, and prior to October, 12, 1884, regularly organize by the appointment and qualification of commissioners, shall be entitled to send two delegates to the convention.

The committee recommend that county conventions for the election of delegates be held not later than October 1, 1884, that they be advertised at least ten days, and that the caucuses in the precincts be kept open at least three hours.

J. F. WALLACE, B. S. RUSSELL,
FRANK J. MEAD, F. H. REMINGTON,
CHAS. H. STANLEY, BYRON ANDREWS,
Republican central committee for ninth legislative district.

J. F. WALLACE, Chairman.
DR. F. L. VAN DEUSEN, Sec.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The republicans of Burleigh county will meet in convention at the City Hall, in Bismarck, on the 26th day of September, 1884, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing seven (7) delegates to represent the county of Burleigh in the Republican legislative convention for the Ninth legislative district, called to meet at the city of Bismarck on the 15th day of October, 1884, at 2 o'clock p.m., to nominate two candidates for the territorial council and four candidates for the house of representatives.

By order of the Republican County Central Committee. JOHN A. MCLEAN, Chairman.

BISMARCK, Sept. 1, 1884.

IT is seldom that a Dakota politician is astonished. The republicans of Dakota are of the stalwart, robust order and can meet a cyclone of opposition with a simple smile and a haughty wave of the hand. In the midst of battle the true Dakotan seizes a tomahawk and proceeds to take scalps as long as an enemy remains in the field. They look with pride and envy upon their brethren in the states who have the right to help elect a president, and never have had occasion to blush for them but once. With the republicans of the Fourth Minnesota congressional district, the republicans of Dakota, however, have nothing in common. Their O. K. cowboy brand of republicanism cannot be herded with the dandish milk-and-water weak-knee! republicanism of the supporters of Gilfillan. The blood must be very thin in the veins of the Gilfillan supporters. Such sap does not course through territorial veins. Dakotans believe in fair nominations and no candidate is so worthy as to dare expect an endorsement that he does not deserve.

"The upper Missouri slope, consisting of ten counties in North Dakota, went into caucus this afternoon."—Extract from Tribune Telegraphic Report.

Although the end sought to be attained may possibly have justified the means, the TRIBUNE regrets that such a precedent has been established in Dakota politics. As events have shaped themselves, until division and admission is secured, it will doubtless be necessary on minor political questions for North and South Dakota to hold separate consultations, although working to secure the same common end. It seems impossible, however, that any combination of circumstances could have justified the doubtful expedient of holding a distinct sectional caucus. The Red river valley, the James river valley, the Goose river valley, and the Hay creek and the Skunk coulees constituents have the same right to caucus by themselves and demand that their wishes shall be accepted as the law of the convention. If the Missouri river slope wants to have a confidential talk let it retire to Alex. McKenzie's room and order up beer, but let it not set the bad example of labeling the confab a "Missouri river caucus." There should be but two caucuses representing geographical sections. Let the caucus line be drawn at the 46th parallel.

THEY are 13,000 street car drivers in the state of New York and every one of them, in common with other laboring men, will vote against Grover Cleveland.

THE railroads of the United States owe \$1,495,471,311, or nearly three times the amount of the public debt at the close of the war. No one has yet dared state the amount owed by the newspaper editors of the country.

because of his vetoes of numerous bills calculated to promote their welfare. What a comment on civilization and the humanity of the head of the democratic ticket is the following letter from a street car driver which appears in the New York Sun:

Bismarck Tribune.
INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN UPON THE EASTERN SLOPE.

EDITOR TRIBUNE: Having visited Portland, Astoria, Tacoma, Seattle and intervening cities, towns and stopping places along the great Northern Pacific railroad and having given you cursory descriptions of some of the most striking features of them and the intervening country through which I passed, I now beg your indulgence while I relate some additional observations while there and on my return together with the thoughts deductions and conclusions forced upon me by my new surroundings.

The first thing of importance I noticed was in the line of ample proof of what has long been conceded by physical geographers and physiographers. That in this latitude the great atmospheric ocean passed from west to east as a counter current to the great equatorial aerial current passing from the east to the west all round the globe in order to keep up the aerial equilibrium, and that to this fact and its wonderful influences, we of the great golden Northwest are indebted, either directly or indirectly for our fine, healthful climate, the wonderful productiveness of our lands, the general prosperity of our people and the coming grandezza of a land which but a few years ago was characterized as the most arid and worthless portion of the Great American Desert.

This atmospheric ocean causing the great oceanic currents and traveling with them and passing over the heated waters originally of the equatorial regions where they obtained their heat, partakes of the oceanic and climatic heat and become saturated with the vapor their high temperature enables them to hold, so that, when they strike the coast at Puget Sound they are completely saturated with the greatest amount of water in a state of vapor the air of its acquired temperature is capable of holding.

Along with this aerial or wind force, thus saturated with vapor, comes simultaneously the great oceanic current of heated water forcing itself, aided by the high and ever recurring tides, against the shore and extending its abrading and wearing influences far into the lowlands and mountain gorges of the western coast, until they with the mountain streams fed by the condensed vapor carried to and condensed on the cool mountain sides and running down in torrents, have worn away the land, dissipated all the rocky barriers and left the most remarkable Sound on our continent.

This sound seems all over with evidences of its origin as well as of its great value to the world as a contribution to local agriculture and to the world's commerce. Every observation of this sound and every isolated portion of it evinces the truth of its origin as I have stated it. The trees in the whole region about the sound, indicate by the growth of their branches on the main stalk, that the wind is mainly and strongly from the west to the east. The great depth of the tide in the sound demonstrates the force of the waters. The great amount of oceanic product driven into this immense and far spreading sound, with its broad arms radiating in all directions, resembling the legs of its giant starfish, extending far into the continent and furnishing numerous safe and convenient harbors for the accommodation of commerce and affording beautiful and desirable locations for future great commercial cities. This product consists of all kinds of edible fish found in the great body of the Pacific and all other marine products excepting whales and they have occasionally been driven into this sea-like sound. All demonstrating the wonderful struggle of the wind and the waters to force themselves eastward. After the rugged, rocky shores of the sound and its numerous bays and harbors have checked its mighty waters in their natural course, their accompanying winds, finding but slight barriers and little obstruction either in the rocky shores or the denuded coast and cascade ranges of mountains farther eastward and beyond, pass onward over all barriers scattering their warmth and moisture over all the land eastward, destroying all glaciers peculiar to the elevated portions of this latitude and rendering most of the country in its broadest course and particularly Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa, the most fertile productive and pleasantly inhabitable portions of the earth to say nothing of Washington, Idaho and Montana territories with much of our neighboring territory north of our boundary which contains much agricultural capability and the finest grazing region in the whole world. There are many enigmas in regard to this whole country which require explanation in order to be well understood. The first one is: How is it that this great sea of warm and moist atmosphere carries its burden of heat and moisture over the broad, elevated and sub-arid plains of East Washington territory and Idaho and scales the great range of the Rockies without precipitating its water on the west side of the watershed and dissipating its heat long before reaching the plains on the east slope of the mountains? This is the great stumbling block, to the ordinary understanding.

Most men conclude that all the vapor in the atmosphere must be condensed and precipitated as it ascends the gradual slope from the coast to the Rocky Mountains. This would be true if circumstances did not alter cases. The face of the country in Washington and Idaho

territories is peculiar. The whole country from the coast across the cascade range is much about the same altitude with the two general ranges of mountains some elevated above the general level. In the winter, when the whole country is at its coldest, when the temperature between the ocean and Cascade range is just cold enough to condense and precipitate most of the vapor contained in the completely saturated atmosphere, the rainy season sets in here and in Oregon, similarly situated, and leaves comparatively little of the vapor to be precipitated on the prairie regions between the Cascades and Rockies or still further on eastward; but when the spring and summer comes on the cold in this timbered and elevated region ceases and stops the precipitation. The vapor passes on and as the air containing it passes over the broad, naked plains of eastern Washington and Idaho with all their peculiar adaptation to the absorption of heat which it imparts to the atmosphere and thereby increases its power of holding vapor so that the additional elevation is counterbalanced by the increased heat and the precipitation does not take place, but the vapor is elevated with the air and carried over the mountains, which in this latitude are very low as compared with ranges further south, while the extent of the entire range is altogether inconsiderable. Thus the air on its great east bound circuit passes over the great watershed dividing the Pacific from the Atlantic without leaving much of its well saturated vapor. After its descent to the plains below its density and temperature are immensely increased, and with it, its ability for the absorption and holding additional moisture in the state of vapor, is increased. The supply for this increased adaptation is furnished by the various mountain streams, lakes, and rivers which permeate the country between the mountains and Dakota.

This exuberancy of vapor, when arriving in Dakota or further north in Manitoba, comes in contact and commingles with the cold under currents from Hudson's bay or other borean regions and precipitates the vapor in the shape of copious and general rainfalls for the growth of our marvelous agricultural productions.

But how do we obtain our heat or genial warmth, which we have been pleased to call Chinook winds? I will tell you; but you must have a little patience. You must let me say the air is composed of infinitesimally small globular particles of matter, composed of a combination of oxygen and nitrogen gasses in unequal quantities. As it ordinarily exists there are many foreign substances, as watery vapor, carbomic acid, dust, animalcule and various other deleterious substances mixed with it. Still the particles of pure air, as a general thing, are predominant. These particles are matter having dimension, weight and temperature, as much as the rocks in the hills. These particles of air, in passing over the heated water of the Japan currents in the Pacific ocean, become heated to a degree equal to that of the water over which they pass. They are subject to the same laws of radiation of heat or of cooling as other particles of matter, with this important exception, that these particles are all of the same electric or magnetic status, never attracting, ever repelling, and never touching each other, so that the process of cooling by the simple process of radiation from each particle, resisted by that of every other particle, renders the process a very slow one, and the great ocean composed of these particles may be forced over thousands of miles with very little diminution in temperature. The particles of air differ from those of water in another particular. The latter attract each other while the former resist each other. A thimblefull of water will never occupy, while in a state of water, but a very little more space than that occupied by the thimble. But a thimblefull of air will expand and distribute itself so as to occupy any space not otherwise occupied, from the size of a thimble to the largest cathedral. But the sensitive effect of these particles, so far as temperature is concerned, and so far as its effects on the bulb of a thermometer is concerned, depends entirely on the number of the particles which are brought into contact with a definite portion of a surface traversed with sensitive organs or with the surface of the mercury in the bulb of the thermometer. In other words the density of the particles of the atmosphere regulates the general temperature much more than the isolated temperature of each particle. Thus a thousand particles of a given temperature brought into contact with a square inch of nervous distribution or the bulb of an ordinary thermometer would produce ten times the effect that would be produced if the air was so rarified as to bring only one hundred particles in contact with them.

Now one of the principle methods of compressing the air is by its own weight and superincumbent pressure. Thus on the highest mountains the air is very light, while at the sea level it amounts to about fifteen pounds to the square inch.

While heat rarifies the lowest and densest atmosphere and causes it to rise to greater altitudes, it still becomes proportionately rarified and colder, although the individual particles are but little changed by the slow process of radiation. Thus while the particles of

air at the surface and those three miles above are about the same individual temperature, still the difference in density makes the surface very warm, marked by 80 degrees Fahrenheit, while three miles above it would be below freezing.

Now, as this heated air comes from the ocean and ascends the mountains it becomes gradually more rarified as it loses the superincumbent weight that presses it together and in that proportion becomes colder; for cold is but the negative of heat. Heat is positive and cold is the absence of heat and negative. Thus the whole atmospheric ocean passes over the mountains in their rarified rapid cold sheet which frequently covers their tops with snow and dense cloud or vapor without any perceptible change in the individual temperature of the aërial particle; for immediately after the air has passed over the summit, the cloud and condensed vapor disappears and upon arriving at a low elevation on the other side of the mountain, a temperature is attained very similar to that from which it proceeded on the other side at a similar elevation. So that the mountain gulches and river valleys in Montana are very nearly as warm as the valleys of similar elevation beyond the mountains over which the air has passed.

This is the origin of the chinook winds and the lower the land the warmer they get. This accounts for much of the modification of Dakota's genial and productive climate. It is even lower than the warm gulches in Montana and would be much warmer if it were not farther away from the source of the heat, leaving a reduction of temperature by the radiation of greater time in its transit, in Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba, where but little obstruction to the cold undercurrents from Hudson Bay and other frozen regions exist and where these undercurrents are almost constantly circulating and commingling with the heated and saturated currents from the Pacific, and thus reducing their temperature and precipitating their copious vapor in well distributed rainfall. Hence, the secret of our superiority as an agricultural and grazing country.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

NEWS COMMENTS.

BEN BUTLER is the belly-ache to the body politic.—Whit hall Times.

BUTLER's Washington house rents for \$24,000 per annum, Blaine's for \$13,000.

It appears to be the field aga'nt Raymond, with the field decided in the lead.

THE crop in Dakota, as elsewhere, depends more upon the farmer than the farm.

DR. BENTLEY is developing more strength than his friends considered probable.

CLEVELAND's record is seven years old and his name is Oscar Folsom Halpin Cleveland.

THERE is one presidential candidate that can claim to be a saint. It is not Butler. It is St. John.

JUDGE SHANNON is writing a history of Dakota. The ability and old citizenship of the writer is a guaranty that the work will be a valuable one.

WHAT is a dud? asks an exchange. Whenever you see a fifty cent head with a five dollar hat on it, grab it! You have a dud.—Las Vegas Optic.

THE Denver Journal says that the American banking system is an excellent one—for itself. It makes money scarce when and where it ought to be plenty.

THE oft used quotation: "See Naples and die," has just now a terrible significance. There were 800 new cholera cases and 300 deaths there one day last week.

If Belva Lockwood is elected president it is authoritatively reported that George William Curtis and Carl Schurz will be appointed to important cabinet positions.

WHEN it is remembered that the wind was from the south yesterday, and that the delegates are assembled at Pierre, its warm and sulphurous breath is easily accounted for.

POTTER COUNTY POLITICS: The Potter County Republican plunges into the puddle of Potter county politics with a horrible splash and lands plump upon the dung pile of prevarication.

We haven't heard anything recently of that novel Oscar Wilde was going to write. Perhaps Oscar has discovered that after marriage it is a good deal easier to say what you are going to do than do it.—Lowell Citizen.

"How big is Grover Cleveland, pa? That people call him great? Is he as big as Jimmy Blaine? The winning candidate?"

"Oh, yes, my son, he weighs a ton, But it is mostly fat; He wears a number thirteen shoe, A little Tom Thumb hat."

—Washington Hatchet.

AN eastern editor writes in flowery language the following: Sonnolent lies in its briny bath, and in dreamy idleness the wad of chewing gum lies on the window sill. Athwart the glinting sunbeams in their lonely search the shiv-

ered corset steel intrudes its sinuous length, while in far off the delly dell of the bosky woodland copse the curl paper fluttering in sad-eyed idleness, for the bangs it never more will clasp. A broken garter here, an undarned stocking there, a few bent and scattered hairpins—they are little things, but oh! how mutely, yet how pathetically they tell the heart that the sweet girl graduate has fled to Dakota and is now engaged in catching beaux and freckles.

DENNY HANNIFIN did not send the following despatch to John A. Stoyell yesterday: "Stand by McMasters and the barrel and use the Freeport directory if necessary. Wake up Jud LaMoure when ready to sign the checks. Moody is talking too much and should be choked off. Nominate McMasters and I will put Roosevelt up against him. Don't support a dark horse or a dung-hill."

A SYNDICATE of Dakota and Montana cattle men has been organized on business principles for the express purpose of laying wagers on the presidential election. The pool which it represents is good for \$500,000, which is to be wagered, if possible, on the election of Blaine. The proposition is as follows: Any amount of money within the limit that Blaine will carry New York, and that Blaine will be elected president—both propositions to be accepted or not bet.

LITTLE NELL—We had lovely times at the seashore this summer. Where did you go?"

LITTLE JACK—"We stayed in the city."

LITTLE NELL—"Did you? How awful it is to be poor. We used to stay in the city, but we go to the seashore every year now."

LITTLE JACK—"Well, we're going next summer. My pa is going to fail, too."—Philadelphia Call.

"DEAR, dear, where have you been, girls?" said a Boston mother to her daughters who returned late from an entertainment.

"We've been carming the municipality," giggled the eldest.

"And observing the pachyderm," laughed the second.

"And visiting the female to an extraordinary elevation," chimed the third.

"Dear! dear! dear!" exclaimed the mother in postulatory tones.

"There's no harm done, mamma," pouted the fourth; "and the fowl whose cackling was the salvation of Rome is suspended at an altitude hitherto unknown in our experience."

Explainer chart. *Painting the elephant red. Seeing the elephant. *Whooping her up. *Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high—Somerville Gazette.

THE world is hard at work thinking. Never before has man thought with such sweating earnestness. Never before has he put aside all specious forms of difference as now. At the loom, the plow, the forge, the drill, the press, man thinks. Grim Carlyle bids the world tremble when God lets loose a thumper. Today there are millions of them. They are getting through all your forms of difference and coming at the gist of the matter. They are slowly discovering that the personality of the government matters little, the so-called protection of industries matters little, the manner of reading the constitution matters little, if all forms be practically against them. They are slowly discovering that you do not care for the herd.—Frank C. Hallack in "Questions for all parties" in Chicago Current.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. George V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "I was almost helpless for five years, so helpless that I could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is now able to do her own work."

Electric

The Bismarck Tribune

Retired.

The genial companionship of Col. Orlando H. Moore is always welcome, and his thousands of friends appreciate a greeting, hand shake or visit from him as much as would an arctic explorer a warm ray of sunlight accompanied by a zephyr from the tropics. Never was Colonel Moore more welcome in Bismarck than yesterday, upon his return from Leavenworth, Ks., where he received a reward in the form of an honorable retirement from the army. This will enable the colonel to spend the balance of his life in receiving some of the honor that he has so justly earned, and in cheering his friends by prolonged and welcome visits. No officer has ever been stationed at or near Bismarck that can number so many acquaintances among his friends. At Leavenworth Colonel Moore was before the retiring board, of which Brigadier General Anger is president, and was recommended to be placed on the retired list for disability—his disability consisting in the permanent effects of a sunstroke incurred some years ago, which incapacitates him for field service. Colonel Moore is one of the veterans of the regular army, having been first commissioned in 1856, and has since served continuously, and nearly all the time on the frontier. In 1857 he marched under General Sumner in a 1,000 mile pursuit of hostile Cheyennes, and participated in Sumner's battle of Cherry Creek, fought where the city of Denver has since been built. In 1858 he marched with his regiment (the Sixth infantry) from Leavenworth across the plains and over the mountains, near 2,000 miles, to Benicia, Cal. In 1851, when Brig. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command of the department of the Pacific, Lieutenant Moore was a leading spirit in a successful movement for the defeat of a plot, which had for its object the separation of the Pacific slope from the union, and an incident of which plot was to have been the seizure of 60,000 stand of arms in the arsenal at Benicia, and suspected to have been sent there by Secretary Floyd, that they might be captured, or at least that they would be beyond the reach of defenders of the union. During the rebellion Colonel Moore served as lieutenant colonel of the Thirteenth Michigan and colonel of the Twenty-fifth regiment of the same state. At the battle of Shiloh he was on General Garfield's staff. An incident of his service, when he had an independent command, was his successful defense, with 300 men, at Tebb's bend on Green river, twelve miles north of Columbia, Ky., against Gen. John Morgan with 4,000 men, including artillery. The fight occurred on the 4th of July, 1863, and such was the stubborn defense made by Moore and his command, at one time hand to hand, that Morgan, who began the day by demanding immediate and unconditional surrender, was glad to draw off, after having lost more men than Moore had in his command. This spirited defense undoubtedly saved Louisville and the country about it from imminent danger, for Morgan thought Moore's command larger than it was and dare not leave it behind him. After this fight Colonel Moore was a brigade commander until the close of the war. After the war of the rebellion Colonel Moore returned to his position as captain of the Sixth infantry, was promoted major in 1874 and lieutenant colonel in 1882. With the Sixth and Seventeenth infantry he has served about twelve years in the department of Dakota, and is well known throughout the northwest. The recommendation for his retirement will shortly be followed by the order of the war department placing him upon the retired list, and then Colonel Moore will proceed to enjoy old age and disability as only a man of gentle tastes and training can enjoy life after twenty eight years of unbroken application to regular duties.

Dakota Game.

An eastern sportsman who has been spending several weeks in hunting on the Dakota prairies, made to a TRIBUNE reporter the following interesting statement yesterday: "If I were to take my choice between a country that would produce fruit and one that would produce prairie chickens, I would take the chicken country every time. I don't shoot chickens for the sport only, although that is the prime fancy. But I put down from 100 to 150 chickens every fall for the winter. How long will they keep? Ten years. I take my birds to some refrigerator friends of mine, who wrap them in paper, twist under the heads, and then freeze them without drawing. There they lie in the ice until I want them. The expense is simply four cents a bird for freezing, and a cent a month on each bird for storage. When you want prairie chickens in January all that is necessary is to set a basket of frozen birds out in the sun and in a few hours they are ready to prepare for cooking, and you find them exactly the condition they were when shot. There is no trouble about it at all. You bring your birds to the refrigerator people and when you want chickens go and get them. I shall shoot 500 ducks in the next three weeks, and I intend to put down 250 for the winter's use."

A Duluth Criticism.

The Duluth Tribune says of the presentation of Hamlet in that city by the Milt. Dramatic company: "The greatest of all Shakespeare's great works is the play of Hamlet. It is an intellectual study of the highest order, and in his life of the Prince of Denmark the poet gives the thoughtful man what whole text books on psychology could not give him. The proof of Shakespeare's transcendent genius appears best in Hamlet. Hamlet is the most interesting character of fiction. Student after student has devoted his life to the play and book after book has been written on it. Only the man of genius can interpret Hamlet. No one but the gifted in dramatic and psychological studies can act the 'melancholy Dane.' The only evidence needed to stamp Milt. as a tragedian of no ordinary character is the success with which he produces this character. In appearance, voice, action, in everything, he seems adapted for the part. In all the various phases of Hamlet's passionate life, in his outbursts of grief over his mother's marriage with Claudius, and his father's death, in his interview with his father's ghost, the soliloquy, the parting with Ophelia, the charge to the players, the upbraiding of his mother, at the grave of Ophelia, and in all the other strong scenes, he portrays Hamlet as he is interpreted by scholars. The acting is so good, the speech so excellent, that Milt. must be pronounced great. The tragedian who can act Hamlet as he does, is among the greatest on the stage. Milt.'s support was excellent except in one or two cases. Miss Payne made an

excellent Ophelia, and is an actress who would attract attention anywhere. Mr. Lloyd, who took the part of Laertes, is noticeably good. The whole play was produced excellently."

Sitting Bull in New York.

The New York Herald, speaking of the arrival of Sitting Bull and party in that city, says:

The party went to the Grand Central hotel on their arrival in this city. Sitting Bull and his friends were immediately given a bath. Then they were told it was dinner time, and squatted about the velvet carpet in the corridor. As the party started for the dining room Colonel Allen came up and shouted to Louis Prineau, the interpreter:

"Tell the gentlemen to wait a moment; the ladies are having a bath."

Sitting Bull told the reporter that he did not like the railways, but he would like to have a hotel on his reservation. He declined to discuss the merits of Blaine or Butler, on the ground that he could not talk intelligently till he had had several beefsteaks. Soon Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Bull and the others appeared, and the company adjourned to a private dining room. Long Dog spread his napkin on his chair and sat on it. After eating a plate of ice cream, Sitting Bull said:

"Bouka boofa tookash lata nee-nee Joorobala."

Which means:

"This is a daisy of a dish; gimme another plate. Allow the Irishman to serve me."

A Resignation.

The resignation of John A. McLean from the presidency of the Merchants National bank, tendered some time since, was regretfully accepted at a special meeting of the board of directors held yesterday. Mr. McLean stated as his reasons for resigning that his private business affairs so occupied his time and attention that it was impossible to give the affairs of the bank due consideration. After accepting Mr. McLean's resignation, the directors unanimously elected Vice President J. A. Mallanney to the vacant position. Mr. Mallanney is a thorough gentleman and a conservative financier, and has the leisure and business qualifications to acceptably fill the honorable position to which he has been elected and for which he is receiving numerous congratulations.

McLean County Court House.

A few days since Judge Francis, upon the petition of several taxpayers of McLean county, granted a temporary injunction restraining the county commissioners from expending any part of the taxes collected or levied for the erection of a court house at Washburn, the county seat. Yesterday, in chambers, he listened to very able arguments for and against a motion to make the injunction permanent. Messrs. Flannery and Garland argued for the county commissioners and Messrs. Hollembaek & Wright for the taxpayers. Briefs and authorities were submitted and a decision will probably not be rendered for several days. Work had already commenced upon the court house at Washburn and it is said to be nearly two-thirds finished.

A Private's Kick.

FORT YATES, D. T. (Sept. 14, 1884.)

EDITOR TRIBUNE—The latest absurdity is an order just issued from post headquarters to the effect that "daily dress parade will be resumed and daily duty men will habitually attend the same." For the information of your readers I will explain what a daily duty man is. It is a man who enlisted to soldier for the United States and who only discovered the mistake he had made when he arrived at Fort Yates and was marched out at 7:30 a. m. with a pick on one shoulder and a shovel on the other, and was put to work on a ditch from six to ten feet deep with a paid overseer continually at his back to goad him and threaten him if he pauses but a moment in his work to take breath.

Weary, sweating and begrimed with dust and clay, this man leaves the ditch at 5 p. m. and has an hour and a half to eat his hard earned but very frugal supper, to groan his horse and to prepare for dress parade. Then he is supposed to turn out clean, with arms and accoutrements bright and burnished as if he had naught to do the day through but to clean and polish them. Perhaps when this daily duty man steps out to the martial strains of "Marching Through Georgia," after he has been plodding through the ditch since early morning, perhaps, I say, he labors under the momentary delusion that he is a soldier. A PRIVATE, "D" Troop, Seventy Cavalry.

An Appointment.

Yesterday Governor Pierce appointed Rev. C. Austin, of this city, delegate for Dakota to the eleventh annual national conference of charities and correction, to be held at St. Louis, beginning Monday evening, October 13. The convention, among other work, will consider committee reports upon the following subjects: On reports from states; on charity organization in cities; on organization and management of reformatory and houses of refuge; on organization and management of prisons and penitentiaries; on police system and administration; on organization and management of poorhouses; on provision for the chronic insane; on provision for idiots; on child saving work.

Future of Dakota.

Governor Pierce in an interview during his recent absence, said of Dakota: "It is wonderful how rapidly young towns spring up and become thriving villages. I notice that in many places a large portion of the inhabitants of the country have their winter residences for winter and their cheaply built cottages on the farms for summer. In this way there is no reason why all the advantages of schools and churches and society in general, cannot be enjoyed in Dakota, especially in the winter season, as well as in the older states. And I think this one reason why villages grow so rapidly and become the centers of so much civilization in so short a time. There is no question in my mind but that in a very few years Dakota will become thickly settled, especially east of the Missouri, and will be one of the richest and best states in the Union."

Electric Lights.

Mr. Woolsey, representing the United States Electric Light company, is at present in the city making estimates upon the cost of lighting the capital building by arc and incandescent electric lights. The United States light is one of the best, and the electric current can be transmitted almost any distance. It is proposed to use the engine of the Bismarck Eleva-

tor company for furnishing the power, and the plan of also furnishing the electric light to the business houses of the city is being considered. The light gives forth no heat and does not deteriorate the quality of the atmosphere as is the case with gas or other illumination than that of electricity.

Col. Thompson on Skating.

Did you ever attend a skating rink? If not you should by all means go once. It is a cheap means of amusement that will enlarge your environment and give you a striking epitome of the fast going life of the age you are struggling to live in. I never miss one if I can help it. I am only 21 years old and a good dancer, and could run a good foot race if a big, well armed Indian was after me, but I am too proud and dignified to put on roller skates. They are a modern improvement and entirely too fast for the age I was born and reared in. But when worn and skillfully used by others as I have usually seen them, they are a source of great delight.

Only think of it. An immense room, with the finest hard maple floor in the world, even smoother than the iron surface over which the most gigantic railroad trains are used to run, with from 100 to 500 human feet of all conceivable sizes, from that of the tiny athlete little miss to the stalwart, broad and lengthy brougham bottom measured by the acre, all mounted on miniature locomotives of wonderful speed, of amazing treachery and delightful manipulation when propelled by the required steam and manipulated by a skillful engineer. Here they go, pell-mell, singly, doubly and in clusters, round and round they go, mainly in the same direction, but no two rounds are characterized by similar clusters or combinations. All is a conglomerated variety with everything for individuality and speed. Get up and get, or get out. Get along and go fast or you are left. These are the suggestive lessons taught at a skating rink. They are invaluable to the young and enjoyable by the old.

The New Stage Route.

The Spearfish Register gives this statement of the new stage route from Medora, on the Northern Pacific, to the Black Hills: "The first station out from Medora will be at Dry creek, 14 miles; then to Rocky ridge, 15 miles—this is in a southerly direction; then to Chalk buttes, south 15 miles, keeping around the eastern base of the butte, and then to Cave Hill, 21 miles, keeping on the eastern side—to this place all the station buildings have been built and the bay put up as the parties came down. The next station will be at the E. G. ranch, on the south fork of Grand river, 17 miles: then, keeping west of Sibley buttes, south of southwest to the Short Pine hills, 17 miles; thence to a station west of Two Tops, 18 miles; thence to Spearfish, 23 miles; next to Spearfish, 17 miles and last to Deadwood, 16 miles, making the total distance from Medora to Deadwood, by the route traveled, about 161 miles."

Firemen's Tournament.

E. H. Connor, the Bismarck member of the territorial firemen's executive committee, is busily at work stirring the boys up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm to attend the first annual grand tournament of the North Dakota Firemen's association, to be held in Fargo, Dakota, October 2 and 3. Special rates have been made with the Northern Pacific, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba and Fargo & Southern railroads, one cent per mile each way and free transportation for apparatus for fire companies, bands and military companies in uniform. Every town and city in North Dakota and northwestern Minnesota, are requested to take part in the tournament. Most of the prizes will be in cash, including prize for best drilled military company in uniforms.

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Dakota Exhibits.

The land department of the Northern Pacific road has arranged an exhibition in the main hall of the headquarters building in St. Paul a considerable number of the samples of the product of the soil of Dakota and the country beyond. They are done up in very handsome shape in pink and blue ribbons. Other samples tastefully arranged would doubtless receive room and attention, and Burleigh county should be specially represented.

She Wants a Divorce and Alimony.

We clip from the Chicago Herald that Leah W. Brown has entered suit in the superior court for a divorce from her husband, Edward M. Brown, Jr., to whom she was married in 1877. The grounds on which she bases her suit are adultery and cruelty, and she wants alimony and support for her five year old child.

Court House Decision.

His honor, Judge Francis, rendered a decision in the Washburn county court house case yesterday, granting the permanent injunction prayed for by E. T. Winston.

Capital City Chips.

The steamer Terry passed Fort Yates last evening at 5 o'clock.

There is a demand for 100 more laborers to work for the Northern Pacific railroad.

A telegraph line from Medora to Deadwood is the latest scheme of the Marquis de Mores.

The brick work on the new Lamborn Hotel is finished and plastering will be commenced at once.

John Little has finished threshing his wheat at his farm at Menoken. It averaged 36 bushels to the acre.

Last Tuesday the granary at Camp Poplar River belonging to the quartermaster department was destroyed by fire. A total loss.

The work of plastering the Griffin block is being pushed rapidly toward completion. The carpenters commenced finishing the first floor yesterday.

Ticket agent Whittaker received orders yesterday to issue tickets to firemen attending the tournament at Fargo, commencing October 1, at one cent a mile each way.

Henry Whitney, delivery clerk at Deitrich

Bro., was quite badly bitten from an infarcted dog owned by Ass Fisher, yesterday. Mr. Whitney received an ugly wound in the hand.

Wm. Ives has purchased the stock of furniture in the store corner of Fifth and Meigs street, and will carry on the furniture business at that address.

Cincinnati has a woman who advertises to furnish farmers and ranchmen in the western states with good, industrious wives or housekeepers at one dollar per head. Bismarck bachelors and bachelors should take notice.

THE D. Kanouse, of Woonsocket, Southern county, and Charles M. Kocher, warden of the penitentiary at Sioux Falls, have been appointed by Governor Pierce as associates of Rev. Austin as delegates to the National Conference of Charities and Corrections. It is probable that the first two named will attend.

A very comical and interesting fighting affray took place last night on the corner of Main and Second streets between four Germans.

Chief Fortune arrived on the scene and collared them of the fellows and took them up on the hill to sober up and figure out the amount Justice Hale will tax them this morning.

Governor Pierce was invited by the directors of the Lawrence county fair association to deliver the address on the opening of the fair, to which invitation the governor replied, saying that he wanted to visit the Hills, but thought it impossible to do so in time for the fair, but expressed the determination to do so at his earliest convenience.

A paragraph clipped from the Miles City Journal and published yesterday morning, was not intended to reflect upon the honesty or integrity of the present employees of the Northern Pacific road, as some have supposed. The present employees so far as known, are industrious, faithful and honest, and no criticism can rightfully be made against them.

Mandan girl kissed a drummer so hard that it blew the gold filling out of two of her teeth and shattered his glass eye and stopped an eight day clock in the depot. She hadn't had very much experience either, but thinks she can hold her own with any Bismarck girl.

Bad Lands Cow Boy: A herd of buffalo, numbering between two or three hundred, made its appearance seven miles south of here one day last week. Lloyd Roberts and two others who sighted the herd succeeded in killing three of them, and undoubtedly would have slaughtered more had they not run out of ammunition. Mr. Vandrieck purchased one of the heads, which is a very fine one, and shipped it to Mandan for mounting.

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Personal.

C. D. Edick arrived home yesterday from an extended trip to Montana.

Ex-Governor Faulk, of Yankton, arrived in the metropolis last evening.

J. T. Odell, assistant general manager of the Northern Pacific railroad, passed east yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Coffin, parents of E. Coffin, left for their home in Richmond, Indiana, last evening.

S. H. Curtis, of Waverly, Iowa, is stopping in the city. Mr. Curtis is the owner and proprietor of the Molley mills of Minnesota.

W. E. Spencer, present journal clerk of the United States senate and the guest of Governor Pierce for the last two days, left for the east last evening.

Mrs. Dudley, M. Parsons, A. Hilliard and George Dyer, of St. Paul, state, leave this morning for Haskins late, McIntosh county, to locate upon claims.

D. S. Sauer and wife, of Chicago, relatives of E. Brinsford, of this city, arrived in Bismarck last Sunday and left for Mandan and Fort Lincoln yesterday. They will pass through the capital city this morning en route to their home via Duluth. Mr. Sauer is the manufacturer of the celebrated Sauer boot that is so well known in the northwest.

W. H. WINCHESTER, County Superintendent.

WILLIAMS' SURVEY TO BISMARCK.											
Name.	Lot.	Block.	Amt.	Name.	Lot.	Block.	Amt.	Name.	Lot.	Block.	Amt.
Unknown	16	55	1	P M. Thurwall	14	100	13 93	J C Cady	4	50	8 17
do	17	55	1	L C Stevenson	21	100	8 17	E A Williams	12	122	5 86
do	18	55	2 40	do	22	100	8 17	do	13	132	5 86
A Remy	18	55	1	do	23	100	8 17	do	14	132	5 86
G W Sweet	19	55	1	do	24	100	8 17	Mack & Stewart	10	50	5 86
do	20	55	1	do	24	100	8 17	do	11	50	5 86
J P Johnson	21	55	1	do	24	100	8 17	do	12	50	5 86
sw 1/4 sec 29 tp 142 r 80 160	21	55	1	do	9	102 east 50 feet	13 93	J G Miller	2	52	5 86
do	22	55	1	do	10	102 east 50 feet	4 71	do	3	52	5 86
do	23	55	1	do	11	102 east 50 feet	11 62	do	4	52	5 86
A Remy	24	55	1	do	12	102 east 50 feet	16 23	do	5	52	5 86
G W Sweet	25	55	1	do	23	100	8 17	S Sloan	7	53	5 86
do	26	55	1	do	18	104	13 93	D Stewart	8	53	5 86
J P Johnson	27	55	1	do	19	104	23 14	do	9	53	5 86
do	28	55	1	do	20	104	23 14	W A Kindred	12	56	10 47
Mercer & Green	29	55	1	do	3	106	8 17	F Howell	9	134	5 86
do	30	55	1	do	4	106	8 17	E A Williams	13	134	5 86
do	31	55	1	do	5	106	8 17	S Wilson	1	136	5 86
do	32	55	1	do	6	106	8 17	do	2	136	5 86
do	33	55	1	do	7	106	8 17	do	3	136	5 86
do	34	55	1	do	8	106	8 17	do	4	136	5 86
do	35	55	1	do	9	106	8 17	do	5	136	5 86
do	36	55	1	do	10	106	8 17	do	6	136	5 86
J A Stoyell	37	55	1	do	11	106	8 17	do	7	136	5 86
do	38	55	1	do	12	106	8 17	do	8	136	5 86
do	39	55	1	do	13	106	8 17	do	9	136	5 86
do	40	55	1	do	14	106	8 17	do	10	136	5 86
do	41	55	1	do	15	106	8 17	do	11	136	5 86
do	42	55	1	do	16	106	8 17	do	12	136	5 86
do	43	55	1	do	17	106	8 17	do	13	136	5 86
do	44	55	1	do	18	106	8 17	do	14	136	5 86
do	45	55	1	do	19	106	8 17	do	15	136	5 86
do	46	55	1	do	20	106	8 17	do	16	136	5 86
do	47	55	1	do	21	106	8 17	do	17	136	5 86
do	48	55	1	do	22	106	8 17	do	18	136	5 86
do	49	55	1	do	23	106	8 17	do	19	136	5 86
do	50	55	1	do	24	106	8 17	do	20	136	5 86
do	51	55	1	do	25	106	8 17	do	21	136	5 86
do	52	55	1	do	26	106	8 17	do	22	136	5 86
do	53	55	1	do	27	106	8 17	do	23	136	5 86
do	54	55	1	do	28	106	8 17	do	24	136	5 86
do	55	55	1	do	29	106	8 17	do	25	136	5 86
do	56	55	1	do	30	106	8 17	do	26	136	5 86
do	57	55	1	do	31	106	8 17	do	27	136	5 86
do	58	55	1	do	32	106	8 17	do	28	136	5 86
do	59	55	1	do	33	106	8 17	do	29	136	5 86
do	60	55	1	do	34	106	8 17	do	30	136	5 86
do	61	55	1	do	35	106	8 17	do	31	136	5 86
do	62	55	1	do	36	106	8 17	do	32	136	5 86
do	63	55	1	do	37	106	8 17	do	33	136	5 86
do	64	55	1	do	38	106	8 17	do	34	136	5 86
do	65	55	1	do	39	106	8 17	do	35	136	5 86
do	66	55	1	do	40	106	8 17	do	36	136	5 86
do	67	55	1	do	41	106	8 17	do	37	136	5 86
do	68	55	1	do	42	106	8 17	do	38	136	5 86
do	69	55	1	do	43	106	8 17	do	39	136	5 86
do	70	55	1	do	44	106	8 17	do	40	136	5 86
do	71	55	1	do	45	106	8 17	do	41	136	5 86
do	72	55	1	do	46	106	8 17	do	42	136	5 86
do	73	55	1	do	47	106	8 17	do	43	136	5 86
do	74	55	1	do	48	106	8 17	do	44	136	5 86
do	75	55	1	do	49	106	8 17	do	45	136	5 86
do	76	55	1	do	50	106	8 17	do	46	136	5 86
do	77	55	1	do	51	106	8 17	do	47	136	5 86
do	78	55	1	do	52	106	8 17	do	48	136	5 86
do	79	55	1	do	53	106	8 17	do	49	136	5 86
do	80	55	1	do	54	106	8 17	do	50	136	5 86
do	81	55	1	do	55	106	8 17	do	51	136	5 86
do	82	55	1	do	56	106	8 17	do	52	136	5 86
do	83	55	1	do	57	106	8 17	do	53	136	5 86
do	84	55	1	do	58	106	8 17	do	54	136	5 86
do	85	55	1	do	59	106	8 17	do	55	136	5 86
do	86	55	1	do	60	106	8 17	do	56	136	5 86
do	87	55	1	do	61	106	8 17	do	57	136	5 86
do	88	55	1	do	62	106	8 17	do	58	136	5 86
do	89	55	1	do	63	106	8 17	do	59	136	5 86
do	90	55	1	do	64	106	8 17	do	60	136	5 86
do	91	55	1	do	65	106	8 17	do	61	136	5 86
do	92	55	1	do	66	106	8 17	do	62	136	5 86
do	93	55	1	do	67	106	8 17	do	63	136	5 86
do	94	55	1	do	68	106</td					

FLANNERY & WETHERBY'S ADD. TO BIS.											
Name.	Lot.	Block.	Amt.	Lt.	Bk	Amt.	Lt.	Bk	Amt.	Lt.	Bk
McGinnis	9	8	2	10	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
do	10	8	2	11	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	11	9	2	15	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	12	9	2	16	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	13	9	2	17	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	14	9	2	18	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	15	9	2	19	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	16	9	2	20	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	17	9	2	21	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	18	9	2	22	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	19	9	2	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	20	9	2	24	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	21	9	2	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	22	9	2	26	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	23	9	2	27	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	24	9	2	28	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	25	9	2	29	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	26	9	2	30	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	27	9	2	31	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	28	9	2	32	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	29	9	2	33	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	30	9	2	34	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	31	9	2	35	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	32	9	2	36	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	33	9	2	37	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	34	9	2	38	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	35	9	2	39	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	36	9	2	40	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	37	9	2	41	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	38	9	2	42	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	39	9	2	43	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	40	9	2	44	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	41	9	2	45	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	42	9	2	46	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	43	9	2	47	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	44	9	2	48	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	45	9	2	49	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	46	9	2	50	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	47	9	2	51	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	48	9	2	52	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	49	9	2	53	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	50	9	2	54	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	51	9	2	55	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	52	9	2	56	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	53	9	2	57	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	54	9	2	58	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	55	9	2	59	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	56	9	2	60	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	57	9	2	61	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	58	9	2	62	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	59	9	2	63	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	60	9	2	64	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	61	9	2	65	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	62	9	2	66	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	63	9	2	67	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	64	9	2	68	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	65	9	2	69	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	66	9	2	70	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	67	9	2	71	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	68	9	2	72	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	69	9	2	73	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	70	9	2	74	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	71	9	2	75	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	72	9	2	76	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	73	9	2	77	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	74	9	2	78	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	75	9	2	79	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	76	9	2	80	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	77	9	2	81	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	78	9	2	82	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	79	9	2	83	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	80	9	2	84	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	81	9	2	85	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	82	9	2	86	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	83	9	2	87	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	84	9	2	88	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	85	9	2	89	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	86	9	2	90	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	87	9	2	91	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	88	9	2	92	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	89	9	2	93	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	90	9	2	94	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	91	9	2	95	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	92	9	2	96	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
do	93	9	2	97	23</						

NORTHERN PACIFIC FIRST ADDITION.

Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt	Lt Bk Amt				
Geo Redd	Unknown	do	11 17	44	do	9 19	1 60	M Kenard	5 49	1 60	do	9 19	1 60	do	do				
W H Wetherby	2 4 44	do	12 17	44	do	11 17	44	E Sloan	4 21	3 10	do	11 17	44	do	do				
Unknown	2 4 44	do	12 17	44	N. P. SECOND ADDITION.	do	do	do	do	do	do	do	do	do	do				
do	5 7 44	L D Stewart	9 18	44	A McKenzie	1 25	3 10	do	5 46	85	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	12 7 44	W F Girdar	10 18	44	N Paddi	1 25	3 10	do	5 46	85	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	12 7 44	do	11 16	44	J M Anders	1 26	3 10	N P R Co	1 26	1 60	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	12 7 44	Unknown	3 18	44	do	12 26	3 10	do	2 47	85	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 8 44	do	3 18	44	N P R Co	1 28	85	do	3 47	85	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	3 11 44	do	5 19	44	do	21	87	Pit Cook	6 100	4 61	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	4 11 44	do	8 19	44	do	21	87	P Thorvald	12 100	8 91	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	5 13 44	do	9 19	44	O S	1 28	85	do	10 47	85	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 13 44	N P R Co	2 29	44	N P R Co	2 29	1 60	do	11 47	85	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 13 44	do	3 21	44	J T Campbell	7 35	1 30	do	2 49	70	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 15 44	do	5 21	44	do	8 36	1 30	J Hare	9 68	10 38	Peter John	do	do	do	do	do			
do	6 15 44	do	1 22	44	L F Paine	9 36	1 30	do	4 49	70	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 15 44	do	3 22	44	N P R Co	50	85	A Mervise	1 50	3 04	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 15 44	do	1 23	44	do	8 26	1 30	W 120 ft	11 18	5 98	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	5 15 44	N P R Co	9 35	44	do	5 30	70	J Ludwig	12 100	10 38	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	5 15 44	do	2 23	44	do	10 36	1 15	M Hutchies	13 104	14 79	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	5 40	44	A Duncan	2 32	2 35	A Mervise	14 104	6 37	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	D Williams	5 40	3 10	Arthur Lin	15 106	14 79	do	16	67	45	do	do			
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	N P R Co	10 33	1 60	F Andrews	12 69	17 14	E A Williams	18 80	9 32	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	J M Anders	7 55	2 05	G A Walsh	13 106	22 14	E A Williams	20 10	3 02	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	J Hacett	2 20	9 91	Joe Dietrich	5 50	5 24	J & N Company	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J Clark	12 108	6 71	T Woodruff	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	F B Alley & I P Baker	18 6	3 04	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 03	J M Forster	19 12	2 01	do	16	67	45	do	do
do	6 15 44	N P R Co	10 33	44	do	19 56	1 75	J E Nash	10 31	3 0									

Unknown	14 Bk Amt	15 Bk Amt
Miles Mack	51 99	1 55
do	10 89	1 55
do	11 89	1 55
do	12 89	1 55
do	13 89	1 55
do	14 89	1 55
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WOMAN AND HOME.

Facts Worth Hearing in Parlor, Kitchen or Dining-Room.

How Women Should Save Them-selves-Brevities Concerning the Fair Sex-Hints of Value in the Laundry.

[National Laundry Journal.]

That by adding two parts of cream of tartar to one part of oxalic acid ground fine and kept dry, in a bottle, you will find, by applying a little of the powder to rust stains while the article is wet, that the result is much quicker and better. Wash out in clear warm water to prevent injury to the goods.

That cold rain water and soap will take out machine grease, where other means would not be advisable on account of colors running, etc.

That turpentine in small quantities may be used in boiling white goods to a great advantage, as it improves the color, and the boiling drives off all odor. Resin in soap is quite another thing, it injures and discolors some goods, and shrinks woollens. Soap men argue that on account of the turpentine in the resin it assists in the washing. It is used for a filter and to make the soap hard and cheap. It is a fraud on the consumer.

That kerosene will soften leather belts or boots that have become hard from exposure or use around the wash-room. Good for the harness when hard from rain or dampness. Wash with warm water, then grease with good animal oil or dressing like the following:

That the government harness dressing is as follows: One gallon of neatfoot oil, two pounds of Bayberry tallow, two pounds beeswax, two pounds of beef tallow. Put the above in a pan over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved add two quarts of castor oil, then while on the fire stir in one ounce of lampblack. Mix well and strain through a fine cloth to remove sediment, let cool, and you have as fine a dressing for harness or leather of any kind as can be had.

That baking soda gives instant relief to a burn or scald. Applied either dry or wet to the burned part immediately, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain. Keep it in the ironing room.

That Javello water, often met with in works or articles on cleaning and dyeing, is made of one gallon of water and four pounds of ordinary washing soda. Boil for five or ten minutes, then add one pound of chloride of lime. Let cool, and keep corked in a jug or tight vessel.

That when acid has been dropped on any article of clothing, liquid ammonia will kill the acid, and then, by applying chloroform, you will restore the color in most cases.

That "cyanide of potassium" will remove all indelible inks whose base is nitrate of silver. Being a deadly poison, it will be hard to get from the druggist in most cities. Turpentine or alcohol rubbed in not removes the new inks, using soda and soap freely in hot water afterward.

Save Yourselves.

["Rosalia" in The Housekeeper.] If housekeepers only would be willing to do just what they can do without getting so completely drugged out, there would be fewer sick women and happier homes.

Study convenience in every household arrangement, and perform every duty with as few steps as little labor as possible, and do well. We find good women every day who run from cellar to garret, and back again before they can get together the necessary ingredients, etc., etc., to make a few biscuits, or a dish of plain cake. Not two weeks since I found a farmer's wife (and one of the best women I ever knew, and with poor health) who went out doors to the cans for cream, to the hen-house for eggs, down cellar for butter, to the pantry for spices, then into another room for flour, and carried them all to the kitchen to make a cake, to say nothing of calling together the dish, egg-beater, spoon and baking-tins. No man would do it (and I honor their sense in that) and certainly no woman, and especially an invalid, can afford to do so.

I asked this friend if she would let me alone in the kitchen for one hour after dinner, and with permission to do what I pleased. I hunted the hamper and nails, some newspapers and bits of boards. I pulled the kitchen table away from the wall, and tacked my papers back of and above it, then drove up two rows of nails, on which I hung up egg beater, skimmer, large spoons, and soup dipper; rolling pin, potato masher, cake pans, gem pans, and small dipper. I put back the table, and on the top of it set in a row, a jar with cooking salt (it was a cracked jar but held salt all right), next to it a good one, a gallon jar with graham flour, and another one with white flour, for these articles were used so many times a day. Then I put neat little board covers over them all. The spices, soda and baking powder boxes in a row next gave the dish pan a home in the corner near. At the right hand of the table I set a wooden soap box bottom side up, with a piece of oil cloth tacked over it. This held the water pail. I hung the dipper above it. I could not build the house over and make a sink, closets, and all the convenient shelves and pegs of a model kitchen, but I could gather those articles that were used so many times a day, somewhere near each other, and save steps for a poor, weak woman.

When she came out to see about the supper, she looked really pleased when she said, "Isn't this nice, to stand right still in one spot, and get supper all ready?"

Things Worth Remembering.

[Western Plowman.] Fruit stains may be removed by freezing. Save your cold tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt; it will make them smooth.

Mildew may be removed by dipping the stained parts into buttermilk and putting them in the sun.

Table mats made of seine twine are exceedingly durable. They will wash well, and two sets of them will last almost a life time.

Common wheat flour made into paste with cold water, applied dry, will take out grease spots without injuring the most delicate fabric.

A strong solution of carbolic acid and water, poured into holes, kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones, the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved, and the spine placed in a better position.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of eggs. Leather bindings of books may also be cleaned by this method. White Roman bindings should be washed with a soft flannel saturated in soap-suds.

The Period of Distortion.

[Uncle Bill's Long Branch Letter.] The feminine peculiarities at this resort are

so closely related to the fashions of their clothes that it is difficult for a mere man to deal with them descriptively. For instance, I identified a girl as one who had been in the same hotel two seasons ago.

"But how sadly she is altered," I compassionately said.

"On the contrary," a woman interposed, "she doesn't look a day older, and her color is as fresh and genuine as a rose."

"That may be," I insisted, "but observe her shape. She must have had rheumatism or something else that warped her terribly. Two years ago she was as straight as an arrow and like a young Indian. She was then the most graceful creature I had ever seen. Now she is bent like a centenarian, and as she walks down the corridor she waggles as though limping with both feet. Be sides her face seems ten years older."

"That shows how much you know about it," was the authoritative response. "Her face strikes you as older because she used to wear a mask, and now her high forehead is bare in obedience to the new change in fashion, but to the detriment of her beauty. She is just as straight as ever, too; but when you first saw her it was in the time of aestheticism, when every girl wore celskin toilets, and showed for exactly what she was. Now, a period of falsity and distortion has set in. Bustles are once more in fashion; and it is bustle that waggles from side to side when she walks and gives her the outlines of her de-

ception."

The pity is that my informant was correct. Fashion is hindering rather than helping the girls in their present efforts to be comely.

The American Girl Abroad.

[Salt Lake Tribune.]

Immediately in front of three young fellows dressed in knee breeches and flannel shirts, who have tramped so long they look rather out of place in a vehicle, sits the American hotel girl. Yesterday she tried to walk up Montavert and over the Mer-de-Glace in high-heeled kid boots, and to-day she is, if anything, more inanimate than usual. She is pretty and pale, and her high-heeled boots, rich dress and white complexion, serve an effective contrast to the "stogies," flannel shirts and peeled noses of her countrymen aforesaid. She detests Switzerland. She hates being dragged about in this way, but she endures it because it is "the thing." She sees little and learns nothing. The submits to it as she would to having her ears pierced, because it is the requirement of fashion. Paris is the only place she appreciates, and she spends her time there in shopping. She is ostentatiously languid, and vulgarly assertive by turns. She is a success as a misrepresentation of her countrywomen abroad. There by her side is a girl who looks straight out into space, and is in mortal terror lest some proper person should speak to her. Beside her sits a pleasant-faced, kindly old gentleman, who is endeavoring to make himself agreeable, but she is about as gracious as a carved idol, and as sweet as a frozen lemon.

Little Ones for a Cent.

[Quaker.]

The little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow. What can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a t-plate of brass, the angriest dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. A home and abroad she is equally dominant an irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sight and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed, of that exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly defiance.

Decoration Notes.

[American Queen.]

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The Very Latest Thing Out.

[Boston Transcript.]

A new way to make cucumber pickles, is to grate the cucumbers before putting them in the vinegar. Take three dozen good-sized cucumbers and six small, white onions; after grating, sprinkle pepper and salt to your taste over them. Heat enough cider vinegar to cover them, and pour over. Put in large mouth bottles, and pour melted wax over the cork. If freshly gathered cucumbers are sliced and laid in salted water for an hour or two before serving, their wholeness is much improved. The salt seems to draw out, as it does with the egg plant, some acrid juices.

The Lily's Shoes.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

Now that Mrs. Langtry is gone—safe out at sea, and we don't care who hears us—we will tell all about her shoes. They are number fours, just the size the statue of the Venus de Medici would wear, if she went ashore. And Mrs. Langtry is flat-footed. So there now. But she is admirably proportioned, which she would not be if she wore a No. 2½ size.

Underclothing.

[Nellie Burns in Arthur's.]

No one should sleep in the same underclothing in warm weather that is worn during the day. Cool, well-aired night-clothing is very essential to good rest in summer. A frequent change of underclothing is also very necessary to comfort at this time. If one is not provided with sufficient underwear to change every day, two changes can be worn several days by wearing them alternate days and thoroughly airing the suit not in use.

Hay Water.

[Scientific American.]

Hay water is a great sweetener of tea, wooden, and iron ware. In fresh dairy everything used for milk is scalded with hay water. Boil a handful of sweet hay in water and put in the vessel when hot.

Spots on the Wall.

[Scientific American.]

Housekeepers are frequently annoyed by oil marks on papered walls against which thoughtless persons have laid their heads. These unsightly spots may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe clay or fuller's earth, and laying it on the surface without rubbing it on, else the pattern of the paper will then likely be injured. Leave the paste on all night. In the morning it can be brushed off and the spots will have disappeared, but a renewal of the operation may be necessary if the oil mark is old. The experiment will be likely to result most satisfactorily on plain papers, or that with the least number of colored figures.

Mrs. May Walton.

[Detroit Free Press.]

When Edison, genius and inventor as he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York Elevated railroad, trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She

rode on the cars three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity, and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, invented a remedy, which was patented, and she was paid a sum of \$10,000 and a royalty forever! Her name is Mrs. May Walton, and she lives in New York city. This is what she says of her education:

My father had no sons and believed in educating his daughters. He spared no pains or expense to this end. My father's brother once said to him, "Why do you waste so much money on your girls?" To which my father replied, "My boys all turned out to be girls, and I am going to give them as good an education, that they may turn out to be good boys."

Carpets and Crumb Cloths.

[Experience in Philadelphia Call.]

It would be well if all housekeepers could avail themselves of the fashion of covering the center of the room only with carpet, leaving a margin around it for heavy furniture to stand upon, thus saving the strain of lifting and pushing, which is a great tax and injury at house-cleaning times. The floor beyond the carpet can be stained and varnished, or painted to suit the tints of the carpet. For common carpets a broad binding would serve as a border.

Crumbs cloths should be made large enough to hold the chairs set around the table, and be tacked to the floor. If they have a border or a gay binding they become quite ornamental, especially if the border match some tint in the carpet.

Large figured carpets are out of fashion, and as small figures show off the furniture with better effect, and make the room seem larger, it is a good change, to say nothing of their better wearing.

The Children's Table.

[Nellie Burns in American Agriculturist.]

In one corner of my kitchen is an old, small-sized table, with several inches of the legs sawed off. It is called the "children's table." It is there my little girls took their first lessons in kitchen work. It is very useful in teaching them to do such work as ironing, washing dishes, etc. I find it convenient also for my use, where I can do a great deal of work sitting down, that would have to be performed while standing if a higher table was used. Where a person is afflicted and not able to remain long on the feet, much of the work can be performed while sitting, as such a table is used.

Mantled Hands.

[Detroit Free Press.]

They are known by the rosy transparency of the nails and the well defined half-moons at the base, where the cuticle is drawn back and compelled to relinquish its tenacious hold. The cuttings of the nails are oval-shaped, and the brittle, shell-like edge smooth as glass. The whole hand undergoes a change, as by direction of the manicure it is swathed in poultices and washed by night and watched and caressed by day, until it becomes as handsome and perfect in its shape as it is possible for that particular hand to be, and an object of respect and admiration to its owner.

Cucumber Pickles.

[American Queen.]

A new way to make cucumber pickles, is to grate the cucumbers before putting them in the vinegar. Take three dozen good-sized cucumbers and six small, white onions; after grating, sprinkle pepper and salt to your taste over them. Heat enough cider vinegar to cover them, and pour over. Put in large mouth bottles, and pour melted wax over the cork. If freshly gathered cucumbers are sliced and laid in salted water for an hour or two before serving, their wholeness is much improved. The salt seems to draw out, as it does with the egg plant, some acrid juices.

The Very Latest Thing Out.

[Boston Transcript.]

Have you the melon-seed bag of your grandmother? This is not a question from Oldendorff, but a genuine, honest inquiry. If you have the melon-seed bag of your grandmother, bring it out promptly, polish up its gold beads and walk out with it, the very latest, newest thing. And if you have not the melon-seed bag, go and ask your grandmother how to make one, and take advantage of the season to provide yourself with the material.

New Fall Colors.

[Free Press.]

The whole respectable family of Brown will contribute to the red and gold of autumn fashions the coming season. Marigold yellow, ox-blood red, pigeon gray, and a melange of color which will resemble the sunny side of a chameleon, a beauty of mottled tints dashed together like the colors on a painter's palette. But the foundation for these jem-jams of color will be plain gray or brown.

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Now that Mrs. Langtry is gone—safe out at sea, and we don't care who hears us—we will tell all about her shoes. They are number fours, just the size the statue of the Venus de Medici would wear, if she went ashore. And Mrs. Langtry is flat-footed. So there now. But she is admirably proportioned, which she would not be if she wore a No. 2½ size.

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[Scientific American.]

Hay water is a great sweetener of tea, wooden, and iron ware. In fresh dairy everything used for milk is scalded with hay water. Boil a handful of sweet hay in water and put in the vessel when hot.

Birthday Books.

[Scientific American.]

The new craze is to have a book in which your own and your friends' birthdays are recorded. This does not